
Title: Rován's diary

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I still am not sure
whether I should actually
write down these things,
or whether I should just
burn those damned pieces
of ancient parchment
instead.
The story written down

on them... the noises I
heard in that old tower...
that strange smell, and
the weird collection of
alchemistic tools and
reagents...
But then again, this
story might prove vital

for the other citizens
sometime in the future.
Whoever shall get hold of
this will hopefully make
sure that not just
everyone will be able to
read it... I think it should
be forwarded to some of

our best mages and
scholars for further
consideration.
I will leave it to them to
decide what to do with
it... here is what
happened on this dreadful
day...

One of the things I had
always enjoyed the most
was travelling our
beautiful world, discovering
some of the secrets it
still holds, visiting
historical places.
One day, after riding for

almost a full day, I
arrived at a small village.

I was surprised, as it
was not mentioned on the
maps I had with me, yet
it was a quite small
village, almost looking
abandoned.

I found a small inn, and
paid the innkeeper some
coins for a room.

I decided to enjoy some
ale before going to sleep.
On the table next to me,
I saw an old man, smoking
a pipe, apparently thinking

deeply.

I asked him some
questions about the
village, and asked for any
sightings to be seen.
He looked at me, and
suddenly started to
cackle, saying "Sightings ?

What does this village
look like ? Outsiders shun
this place, and you would
have to if you knew what
went on here.

Ever since that old
alchemist built his tower...
when the animals started

disappearing, the crop
going bad, the screaming
and howling at night..."

He apparently was quite
enraged, yet did not
answer any further
questions in a coherent
way.

I wish I had gone to bed
then. Instead, being
nothing but a young,
hot-blooded adventurer, I
decided to take a stroll
through the village.
And alas, on a hill close
to the valley, covered by

moonlight, I saw an old,
crooked tower made of
stone.

I hadn't realized it when
I entered the town, but
after all, I was quite

tired.

Back then I thought

adventure and suspense
was all that mattered,
and didn't know yet that
some things should better
remain secret.

So I got my bow and
quiver and made my way
to the tower, even if

just to look at it up
close.

It looked abandoned, dark
and quiet. No noises were
heard, no light coming
from the inside.

The fact that it looked
as if it was about to

fall to pieces convinced
me that it had been
abandoned, so I examined
and eventually opened the
old wooden door.

Walking inside with a
torch I had retrieved
from my backpack, I saw

a room that looked as if
a hurricane had gone
through it.

Still it was obvious that
this had been an
alchemists laboratory...
lots of broken vials, dried
up reagents and leaves,

mortars, and insane
amounts of old
parchments, inscribed with
tiny letters which I could
not make sense of.

However, on something
that looked like an altar,
I saw an old book, which

looked as if it was
wrapped in dried up,
hardened skin.

To this day I wish I
hadn't opened it, and
hadn't taken it with me
after I fled the tower
once I had finished

reading it, then I heard

that ghastly noise...
However, I still have it,
even though it looks as
if it will turn to dust
shortly.
So in order to conserve
the information within, I

will copy it. Here is what
was written on those
pages...

"It seems as if my life
is about to end, and I
will help the reaper by
drinking the dreaded

potion I have kept for so
long. But before I do,
here is my final warning...
My name is Rován, and
even though it might be
hard to believe, I was one
of the faithful servants
of Mondain himself.

Are you surprised to
read this ?
Well, you wouldn't be if
you knew some of the
secrets about Mondain's
experiments and studies.
Let's just say that I
have long surpassed a

normal man's lifespan.
And also due to those
experiments, most of my
life has been filled with
sufferings, guilt and
nightmares.
I do not want to tell
Mondain's story once

again, as it should be
common knowledge by now.
He sure has left his
mark, and the scholars
and teachers of this
world better keep up
telling their student about
him and what he did.

People probably think that
it was enough for that
mysterious Stranger to
shatter the Gem of
Immortality, thereby killing

Mondain.

Granted, he would have
done even more damage,

and it was a good thing
that he was slain.

However... I am sure it
also is common knowledge
that Mondain actually
created some of the
horrible creatures that
still dwell in the pits of

the earth, or roam the
countryside.

Indeed, he did create
Minotaurs, orcs, goblins
and lizardmen.

It sounds so easy now,
as if he had just shaken
a magic wand to do so.

Believe me, I saw how he
did it, and I still wake up
screaming at night.

What I saw in those
moonless nights would
have been enough to
shatter a mortal man's
mind.

So many innocents being
killed in gruesome
experiments, so many
horrible, indescribable
creatures that were
"failed experiments",
moaning and screaming
with insane voices, being

aware what Mondain had
turned them into.

All of these creatures,
today, are mere brainless
beings, hungry for blood
in a mindless stupor, like
the animals they were
derived from, but driven

by Mondain's evil energy.

But back then... can you
imagine that some of the
humans he crossed with
animals actually stayed
conscious, actually
realizing and seeing what
he had turned them into

?

If they did not go insane
right away, they tried to
kill themselves, or
everyone around them.
only to be burned by a
flamestrike spell by
Mondain.

Eventually, people figured
out that he was behind
the disappearance of their
husbands, fathers...children.

They left the area or hid
, and for us, his
servants, it became

increasingly difficult to
find more...victims.
Eventually, when Mondain
was close to achieving his
goal, he even turned to
us, using the older ones
of for his experiments,
just to be able to

continue, even though we
had always been faithful.

Some of my most
trusted friends (yes,
even followers of evil
beings such as Mondain
can feel trust, love,

loss...) being turned into
abdominal creatures, not
yet complete.

Some of them begged me
to kill them, yet I did
not dare to do so, as I
knew Mondain would have
killed me. I wish I had
had the bravery to do
so. The mercy to do so.
Eventually, I was the only
one left. And just a few
hours before the
Stranger arrived, he
casted his spells on me,
and made me drink those
horrible potions.

I fled, and thereby
escaped the battle with
the Stranger, and the
earth shattering impact
of the breaking of the

Gem.

I fled, and hid from everyone. Now I am about to die, and wanted to relay this story... and a warning...there are more like me, some less human than I managed to remain. Beware bec..."

This is where the book ended. And I fled, screaming when I heard a menacing whisper, and saw a creature, half men, half animal, charging at me... screaming "Give me...back...my diary".